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Ashtabala P. O .- Closing of Mails. POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail poing East will close at 10 clock and 5 minutes, a. m., mail West will close at 11 o clock and 50 minutes, a. m., the thern Mail closes at 6 a. m., and the mail to deflexion at 12 Elb Creek Mail, the Physicath, Tuesdays, at 6 30, a. m. ce open daily from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. on week days, and on days, from 12 m. to 1 p. m. until further notice, shitabuts, May 10th, 1838.

E. C. ROOT, P. M. On and after Monday May. 10, 1858.

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Night Express East, and West, stops at Painsville, Ashtabula, Connecut and Girard only.

Ye can Conquer if ye Will.

BY A. W. SAWYER.

Rugged ta ilor-son of labor, Stoutly battling every day For existence-O, my brother, Thon shalt triumph in the fray. On life's changeful field of action, Though defeat may oft appear, Thou shalt win the victor's laurels. If thou wilt but persevere.

Though thou art obscure and lowly, Ye may reach the wished for goal, Grasp the prizes, wealth and station, If thou hast a dauntless soul; If thou hast a resolution That misfortune cannot shake: One on which the angry surges

An impression fail to make. Art thou sneered at and derided By the self styled lofty born? Heed ve not the fool's contumely, Or the weak mind's harmless scorn.

Art thou friendless?-friends will gather, As do courtier's kings around, When thou hast achieved distinction, When thou hast position found. Strong in faith, let nought repel thee,

Thou shalt in the end prevail; In life's trials, and in battles, None but dastard cowards fail, Noble natures prove ascendant, In earth's mighty contest strang, To renown from dark oblivion, Robed in glory up they sprang.

What if years of fierce endeavor Have been spent by thee in vain? What if thou hast met disaster? Up! and take the field again; Wreck and rains all about thee, Give not up, but struggle still, Stubborn courage is resistless, Ye can conquer if ye will !

"I will Wait for You "

I stood in the market place of the City of times-always bringing me sweet messages in the elms ; the turf was green, and the talking with a voice intensely sustained inbirds were singing now. I saw a staid to cheerfulness of my acquittal, and restoronce familiar life forever gone.

Oh! fifteen years make great differences to come; in a returning man. Wherever he may have passed them-in a home as cheerful My brother did not bid me good-bye; he her. After a while we came into a low as the one abandoned, amidst the caresses lay sick of a raging fever, on whose chan-brook-course between two hills, over the of the beloved, surrounded by pleasant ces hung life. But she, the holy, the heroic foremost of which I could just see the chim-

SPENCEIRAN WRITING,-A new about old world Memphis gallants-which hills given it to him for me, saying, "My daugh- waiting for you!" with friends who, shoulder to shoulder, she would wait for John Markham." with friends who, shoulder to shoulder, she would wait for John Markham." loved that are forever lost cry to us out of worked with me hopefully in the day time, I endured the knowledge of her death paradise? "I am weiting for you!"—floated

for I spent my fifteen years in prison.

Do you ask how I came there? The and unnaturalness of a prison. story is not a long one. I was a junior with his assistant, standing close by me .-On the opposite side of the street the lights person."

so completely, in a fearful dream, the self vengeance on society - on law-on my so glad! Poor papa has been talking about possession on which he would steady him- brother. self, that he can no longer say, "This is The five years passed-five years of dust only a dream," but begins to know that it and clinking in the yard-of darkness, mut- home," broke on me in an instant, as the officer cell. At last, one morning, the warden answered.

monwealth I arrest you for forgery."

drooped forever between me and the one cer stopped me with these three words ; ing and the waning of that strange nightbeing, who in her held all things for which "You are free!" I lived, I felt a quick cold shudder of agony I did not cheer, nor wring the man's hand,

tille only.

Day Express West will step at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtable for in the five minutes between my lodgings should burst open his motley chrysulis, an awfulness could not be equaled by anything of him by fifteen years. Te on earth. Quicker by far than I can I went to the prison wardrobe and go

private a heavy draft to be collected at gentleman-like as when I left them. I seem another banking house, drawn in his favor | ed for a moment, at their sight, to be wak by one of his correspondents and indorsed ing from the terrible eternity of a bad dream by another I remember that he looked -to be finding them folded by my bedside restless when he gave it to me; that he where they had lain only since the las hurried from the room immediately after night.

see it; I shall go mad! braces upon me; he retained for me the out behind me as I went away in scorn. could pity him deeply. I could forbear ed a deeper and more quiet wrath.

Fifteen years had rolled away since last She whom I loved visited me many

inges driving into the street, filled with tionings, the audible silence of the crowd ladics on an airing from the watering places when the pleas were made, the moment near by; old men and young men, women whose shadow fell upon me when the fore-Molocour, Plane Holl. Dealer in Piano Portes, and Melodeour, Plane Holls, Covers, Instruction Rocks, etc.

Melodeour, Plane Holls, Covers, Instruction Rocks, etc.

When I left it; the forms, the faces of that moment when I was condemned to the aw
office. Ashtabula. See advertisements.

The little maiden took my hand, confidingly. That might unnerve me; so I loosoffice. Ashtabula. See advertisements.

The little maiden took my hand, confidingly. That might unnerve me; so I loosoffice. Ashtabula. See advertisements. ful alienage of prison for the fifteen years lowed. She tossed back her curls and went

Ducked & Brothers, Manufacturers of a Dealers in Familiars of the best descriptions, and covery street stones and in a superstance. Such a prospects, founded by prespects, foun But when a man has spent his absence though it seem, still crept into the awful- making wrenths of the violets which grew good men abundantly show that often when

the nepenthe of that air which lulled the with a tear in his eye, that an old man had once, I heard her call call gently, "I am the Howadji now; I had not been living ter is with God. She died whispering that "Gracious God! who spoke? Do the

ASHTABULA, O. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1858.

or welcomed me at night to a glowing with a benumbed patience, uncomplainingly, down through the prison bars from her house, old hearth in a room where my children sat upon my knee, where the rosy firelight danced with the shadows on the wall; in the prison yard with a steady mechanical. I stood op and wandered back, more where a woman beloved hushed down the business echoes in my heart with a rich old bullad in a soft young voice—

in the prison yard what a steady in the prison yard where the surprised my taskmaster—
for heretofore I had been taunted as "the George Markham's daughter still staid weak gentleman," "white fingers," and plaiting violets. She turned to me with a I do not often call up these fifteen years, whatever other epithet or insult the harden-smile and said, "I did not mean to harry for they are melancholy, muddening ghosts. ed bullies of discipline are accustomed, at you, Sir, but my father is very unwell, and But when I do, the music with which they discretion and without fear of resentment, I ought to be at home. Will you please stalk into my thoughts is such as this: a to confer upon the wretched in their grasp. tell me how late it is?" monotonous sound of hammers-clink, clink, At evening, I held up the trest into that For the first time after those fifteen prison clink-slways in the same measure, and faint twilight which just fluttered through years, in which knowing toil and darkness broken only by the fall of stone fragments! my grates, and kissing it, seemed to see her only, I had asked no other measurement of a heavy clank of iron doors mercilessly by me-for I could never think of her as time, I mechanically put my hand to my shut in reverberating corridors, with noth-dead, That realization was kindly spared breast and drew out my restored watch. ing but my own pulse, coming afterward; me by the fact that no new void can be felt. Was I sane? The second hand, stopped at

partner in the banking house of my elder the tress gone. Asking the turnkey for it, Like a lightning flash rushed on me the brother near Hartford. One evening, about I was told, "Prisoners are allowed no use- memory of my vow-"Till we meet, this 9 o'clock, as I was leaving the steps of my less articles." From that moment I knew watch shall never count time again." lodging, a heavy hand fell upon my shoul- that she whom I loved was dead. Like a Yes, we had met-met in that voice of der, and I turned to see a Sheriff's officer, wild freshet the agony of the knowledge quiet waiting-met in this wondrons omen gushed in upon me. With it came the of the watch-met when I knew not-when memory of my wrongs-the scorn of man she was by none but God and her sister anshone merrily from the window of the wom spent upon my innocent head-the perfidy gels. The wrathful embers went out in the an I loved I was on my way to answer of my only brother-the irredeemable help- breast of John Markham, and, viewlessly an invitation, and felt, as every true man lessness of all things. And I that myself hovering over him, the long therished dead feels on such an errand, gentle toward all up in sullen, silent madness. A most dan- smiled blissfully as she saw that in that mo bumanity. So I did not roughly push uside gerous madness it was. From the time ment there had entered into him a new soul. the interloper's hand, as ordinarily I would that I lost the tress five years were to I clasped the little one in my arms. I told have done, but quietly moved out from un- clapse before I went out, and if in that her that her father was my only brother, der it, and said, "My man, there is some time a revolt had sprung up in prison I had and then waited humbly to see her recoil mistake here. You have taken the wrong died fighting in its front, for I was ripe for from the loathsome convict. But with childany crime. As it was I only bode my like joy she hugged me closer around the Any one who knows what it is to loose time. Once out I would wreak condignest neck, and cried, "Oh I am so glad! I am

s actual, will realize how the awful truth | tering, low, smothered heart burning in the threw open my door, and I passed out with "That won't do; you are John Markham the slow lock step which I had been pracof Hartford. In the name of the Com- ticing nearly the quarter of a lifetime. 1 was going to chapel with the rest-to hear Just then on the opposite side of the of the Produgar Son and the strangement of the opposite side of the product they the guilty, but the welcomed—I the My brother!"

I held him on my breast through the wax-

but went with my captor.

The first night in jail! Ah, that was terrible! The clammy, echoing stones of had stretched its fibrous roots through the and my cell I had become aware that I be rushing like a winged Nemesis to settle was brought to a position whose sublime accounts with a world which had the start

write, yet in this channel had my thoughts back that dress which, in the days long gone, I had put off with the rest of my My brother, three days ago, gave me in humanity. They were clean, fastidiously

ward. I presented the draft; I received I had come in with the majesty of the the money; the books which I keep, bear law-a guard on either side. I went out no account of it. He forged the paper .- alone-no danger was apprehended of my I am the suspected one. I have no means escaping from that other prison-the world of proving my innocence, unless, perhaps, Leaving the high gray walls behind me, by proving his guilt.

That, most like, is impossible. At any come out five years before, I might have on his impossible. At any come out five years before, I might have on his imposent head. And finally I give rate, what a terrible step for a man to been expressly softened by the long, untake against his dead mother's only other wonted music of the birds that, from the child! And he has a lovely wife whom it trees and orchard walls, made the air full of would slay. Yet I myself have -- O God! their joy. Now I had lived past the time shut out her image from me !- I must not when such things could touch me, and walk- fident that he will so far have mercy on my ed still in the lock-step, looking neither guilt as to be in all things a father to my In this grove my thoughts rolled back about nor forward, but ever moodily on the and forward through the night. Facing ground. And thus, late in the afternoon, this alternative I stood till the day of my I came whither the commencement of my trial-just one month. My brother came recital finds me, and stood in the market often to see me; he lavished fears and em- place of the town which I had last seen fade

best of council-yet he always seemed like No wonder that by all the passers I was one in a delirium of a fever, and ever just stared at as an oddity-something to be as the turnkey swung back the heavy door suspected and shrunk from, for my grazzled ment, trembling, and with his lips half gone out of fashion when the fathers in the opened as if about to say something more street were children, and not by fear but to me-then, without meeting my eye, he long use, I looked no man in the face. And was, suffering still more, as I was about to ed about me, sometimes with evident carebe, from the consequences of his sin-I lessness as to how loud. But I only nurs-

with the cowardice which he could not con | There came along that way a throng of fess, for I knew how priceless liberty must children just from school. Stepping up to be to a man who, losing it, leaves his other one of them, I asked, "Does George Marksoul in that most heart broken of all ham still live in this place?" The little girl widowhood-the widowhood of a convict's turned up a sunny Spring morning face and wish to see him?"

A hellish thought suggested itself to me. green, and the thrushes were making music flowers, and the free sky outside-always his house." I knew we should take a crosspath over the fields and past a long reach of lovely woods. In the most solitary part man in black go by, gravely smiling to the tion to our old hopes. I told her I was of that I might wreak upon the guilty head children, and I knew he was the settled clergyman, but not the one I left there.—

of George Markham, the most terrible venbut virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest lieve she can make a better pudding than but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest lieve she can make a better pudding than but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest lieve she can make a better pudding than but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest lieve she can make a better pudding than bearts are too few and sacred not to be apany other woman in the world. Every There were countrymen standing by their My trial came on. I need not pain my-ter wrong to me. I would kill his child carts in the market; women chaffering with self with a long recital of the thronged and bring her home to him, confessing that penny worth purchasers in the stalls; car- court, the weary questioning and cross ques- I did it, and glorying in the end of that horrid game of quits on whose first throw he had staked my heaven and lost it.

The little maiden took my hand, confibounding ahead at a rate my strides were Then I parted from home and friends .- hardly equal to. Still I kept my eye upon But when a man has spent his absence as I spent mine—for I had not been on the continent, listening now to Rose Cherie, now to Thalberg, now to the cathedral cadences of vellino, where the floods break from his resounding lips under the ever blue takes are hof a resounding sky; I had not been wafted to the upper estaracts; bathed in wafted to the violets which grew the tothed for the tendent when the clouds are blackest, and the tendent when the clouds are blackest, and the tendent when the tendent when the clouds are blackest, and the tendent when the clouds are the clouds

no new unnaturalness, in the eternal void the last kiss of agony given by my beloved, whether by miracle or the agitation of my But one night coming from work I found grasp, I know not, suddenly moved on .-

sams of money were given him, though

you these four days, and saving-but oh, he must die!-'I cannot die till John comes

"Not so, my brother." I answered, solemuly, "I from my soul forgive you. How much more shall He who pitieth bis children? For me, He hath this day wiped out the past like a tablet; and looking up to Him as both of us condemed in His sight,

my first night of liberty-my first night with the new soul. And he sorrowed with the sorrowing that needeth no repentance .--With a kiss which brought back the days of our childhood, at dawn his spirit departed rom me. Then, beside the little girl who ad fallen asleep from weariness, I laid him the slept the calmer sleep-the sleep of almuess and peace. The day came for the eading of the will. Relatives, friends, eighbors, were all collected in the parlor, rhere my dead brother used to sit, pining com the returned convict, looking at me ith at evil eye. But I bore it meekly, vith little Rose, in her morning dress, nested against my breast, as if I were the last hing she had on earth to cling to

The lawyer opened the will and began: "In the name of God. Amen. I, George Markham, banker of Hartford, being of fee de body, but of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby constitute this my ast will and testament.

"I bequeath my soul to the infinite mer cy of God, if it be possible. I bequeath my shall know the truth. That I bequeath to my brother, John Markham, not of bounty, but of immensurable indebtedness, in my confession that I alone, and unaided, an on his innocent head. And finally I give and demise to John Markam all my estate, both real and personal, to have and to hold, to him, his heirs and assigns, forever, cononly child."

Then, like the friends of Job, my acquaintances came back to me, be holding how I was prospered. Again I stood an upright man in the face of the earth as well as heaven, and none uttered an ill whisper of me.

Now I live alone with Rose, who has filled the place of the daughter I might have have constant employment and fair wages ! to let him out, he would stop for a mo- hair was of the prison cut, my clothing had had but for the fifteen years. She is my child, my companion, my comforter, my pupil. And never on earth will I bring an other love between us; for at night, when I would rush from the cell. Suffering as I here and there in knots the people whisper- look up into the stars, I hear a low voice saying

"I am waiting for John Markham."

YOU WILL BE WASTED .- Take courage young man. What if you are but an humble and obscure apprentice-a poor neglected orphan-a scoff and a by-word to the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue answered, "I am his daughter, Sir; do you in rags because of its tatters. Have you an intelligent mind, all natutored though it be. Have you a virtuous aim, a pure de- law too, if he can. Every woman has a Hartford. I left it when the turf was in her presence from the birds, and the I said, "Yes, you may show me the way to sire, an honest heart? Depend upon it, one of these days you will be wanted.

The time may be long deferred. preciated-not to be wanted.

Your virtues shall not always be hidden; think of himself by putting a few of the smitten hearts to crave.

Your poverty shall not always wrap you about as with a mantle; obscurity shall not to think of her child "the prettiest little Earing Facing.—No liquid always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalrican your combat with circumstances. Be ever active, however small may be your would be sure to take it. Every young spere of action. It will certainly enlarge lady has a right to faint when she pleases with every moment, and your influence will have double incitement:

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouse of life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle,

Interesting Incident.

A few weeks ugo a man was seen walking back and forth on the sidewalk, in front of the Dutch church N. Y. while the prayer-meeting was going on. He was dressed in the very plainest attire, with a pea-jacket hanging on his arm. His conntenance bore the very legible characteris-tics of a "bard case." After walking for some time, he paused; and coming up the steps to the middle lecture-room, said to a rson at the door,

"Will you let such a poor miserable-looking object as I am have seat in your pray-

"Certainly we will," was the reply, "and we are very glad to have you come."

He went in. Daily, for several weeks, He became interested in the subject of reigion ; and the more he came the more iterested he appeared. After four weeks of total abstinance, he signed the pledge, and kept it. He grew more neat in his though no man would give him fifty cents finale when rescued, thus : for all he had on. He was often without food, having no employment. But Providence seemed to make a special provision walking the streets. In other cases, small

never at the prayer-meeting.

His convictions became more deep and pungent. He had a very said expression on his face. He was often conversed with -often orged to repentance-often invited to come to Christ. But still he held back. One evening he went to Washington marto the prayer-meeting at the Globe Hotel, where he had been spoken to on the duty of immediate submission to the law of Christ. His distress kept all the time increasing. At two o'clock in the morning he betook himself to the streets to see if At length he stopped at a lamp-post, and reaching out his hands, and grasped it .-He bowed his head upon his arm, and

poor, miserable man. The borden of sin was gone ; and tears of penitence and joy flowed apace. How long he remained in this position at the lamp-post he does not know. He walked the streets during the remainder of night, his whole soul filled with joy. As one to whom he could tell his new experiemorsely through the long evenings with find no person whom he knew. Early poor consolation of finding the luming and sat down on the grass. He took a man. The Detroit Tribune of last evening small Testament from his pocket, and be says: gan to read. He was reading the Savior's

> "My friend, what little book are you reading ?.

"I am reading the New Testament." "Where did you get it ?" "It was given me at the Fulton-street rayer-meeting." "Do you aftend the Fulton-street pray-

r-meeting !" "I do. I attend them every day." "Do they do you any good ?" "Well, I hope they have done me great good. I hope I have found the Savier." And then, in his perfectly artless and

imple carnest manner, he narrated the story of the preceeding night. "Well." said the listener, "I heard much Now I will tell you what I want, At ten o'clock to-morrow, I want you to come to then parted. Punctual to the minute the next morning he was at the store in Broad street. There he found a new suit of

He still regnarly attends all the evening New York-a ship carpenter by trade .-He was fourteen years at sea, and is fortysix years of age. A few months ago, his case was almost hopeless; he was in the most abject and forlorn condition, and seemed to be sunk past all redemption .-Now he gives abundant evidence that he is a new creature in Christ Jesus. "Old things have passed away; all things have become new."-N. Y. Independent.

Acvice Gratis.-Every man should keep the wolf from the door, and his mother inright to be any age she pleases, for if she to the belief that his body, if not in the were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear Station, where he started, and Monroe. may grow to manhood, and you may event- a moustache who can. Every woman who ually reach your prime, ere the call is made, makes puddings has a perfect right to be- may be found and the hand of Affection beman who carves has a decided right to and only boon left for aching and sorely baby in the world," and it would be a perfeet folly to deny her this right, for she if her lover is by her side to catch her .-Every fool has a right to be on the best terms with himself, and that man is a greater fool who differs with him about those terms. Every child who makes a noise, has a right to be turned out of the room; and, supposing you have not the right, you are perfectly justified, if its parents are absent, in usurping it.

The Juvenile Elronauts Safe.

WHOLE NUMBER 458.

The Chicago Journal in speaking of the accidental ascension of a balloon from Contralia, Ill., with two children on Saturday last week, says :

It spears that there were three in the balloon at first, a young lady, a little girl and a boy, children of a Mr. Harvey.—
The young lady immped out of the balloon, which so suddenly lightened it that before the balloonist could get it under his control it broke loose taking with it the little. trol, it broke loose, taking with it the little girl and boy. It floated off westward.— We now learn that the balloon came down about 28 miles south-west of Centralia, and the children were rescued from their

perllons position. he attended the meeting. He had been a By more accident, it appears, the little man of very intemperate habits. He left girl got hold of the rope which opens the off the use of intoxicating drinks at once. gas valve, and by pulling on it, lowered the balloon. Its anchor caught in a tree, and on Sunday morning, they were discovered by a farmer, who soon got them down in

safety to terra firma. The Louisville Courier gives the scene dress; his clothing was washed clean, after the children were carried up, and the

Their parents were in an centacy of dispair, expecting every moment to see one or both of their little ones fall to the earth that he should not suffer with hunger. In several instances he found small packages the ground they followed the course of the balloon until night closed it from view, but distinctly saw it gradually descend toward ards the earth. They followed its course A to a dense wood, and about daylight San- and day morning, discovered it safely anchored

in a tree top. The hopes and fears of the party were alternately excited in regard to the children, but the mother's quick car detected the ket to lodge. He had been that evening to the prayer-meeting at the Globe Hotel. wholly unconscious of the peril she was in, or of the risks she had run. The tree was hastily climbed, and the boy discovered asleep, with his head in his brave sister's lap. She had taken off her apron and covhe could not feel any better by walking.

His sins lay like a heavy burden on his in the full confidence of innocent childhood. soul. He could not find the Saviour. He that her parents would come after her and walked and walked, and no relief came, take her home. The adventure and the escape is the most remarkable we have ever heard, and we can but add that the followpoured out his heart to the Savior of sin- the brothers and the brothers and the savior of the brothers and the savior of the brothers. ing should have been the lullaby to her lit-

Rock-a-by baby in the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle shall rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle, and all.

The Lost Eronaut.

At last all hopes for finding the unfortnthe day dawned, he longed to meet some nate Thunsron have been dissipated. The ence. He went to various places, but could only possible result of another search is the in the morning he went to the Battery, and probably mangled remains of the fated

own words, and as he read shed tears which he could not restrain. At length a gentlewas in our midst in the high tide of life, strong, bold, full of hope, with troops of friends about him. "Lost! it sounds like the wailing of the wlud in the tops of the pines !" All hope of ever finding poor Thurston alive is blotted out, and we can

only bemoon him as lost. Mr. Bannister, his companion, returned this afternoon, and can bring only the worst tidings. The balloon he identified, and sent the silk of which it was composed to this city last night. He bimself remained to search for his friend. To-day he comes back despairingly. He states that the balloon-valve on which Thurston sat is torn out from the silk of the balloon three quarters of the way around, indicating unerringly that the weight of the unfortunate man of the Fulton-street prayer-meetings; I and that the silk gave way, when he must have dropped off. His only remaining chance would be to cling to the smooth mamy store." And he gave him the name be could not have sustained himself in that terial of which the balloon was made, and manner. When this occurred we can only conjecture, but that it must have been within an hour after he started, seems highly clothes throughout, which had been provitwo hours with a glass, but it must be remembered that this great body, full sixty feet high, was only the size of a man's hand, meetings. He is a native of the city of ble to see the ill-fated man if he had dropped off. Mr. Bannister feels quite positive that he must have fallen before reaching Canada at all.

The stories that are so plentiful that a man was seen in the balloon as it came down near Baptiste Creek, he wholly discredits, as we have from the first. He has investigated these rumors pretty thoroughy and puts no faith in them whatever.

Six gentlemen came up from Adrian tos day to go down to search for the body of Thurston, but at 3 r. M. they were not deeided what course to pursue. They inclined Lake, would be found between Knight's The only hope now left is that the body

Earing Faurs.—No liquid of any description should be drank within an hour after eating fruits, nor should anything else be eaten within two or three hours afterthus time being allowed for them to pars out of the stomach, the system derives from them all their culivening, cooling and spen ing influences. The great rule is, cat fruit and berries while fresh, ripe and perfect, is their natural state without enting or dri ing anything for at least two hours after wards. With these restrictions, fruit and berries may be caten with moderation during any hour of the day, and without gets The postmaster at Topeka, Kaosas, had the presumption to vote against Lecompton on the 2d ult., and, as a consequence, he has been promptly removed.

Little of them, or ceasing to be benefitted by them during the whole season. It is a great waste of lucionancia that fenits and berries in their natural state; are not under the sole desert at our meals, for three-fourthrees.